MAN OF THE HOUR.

No man in Ohio is as well qualified for the Governorship of Ohio this year as Congressman Frank B. Willis, of Ada. Broad, liberal, prudent and impartial, Mr. Willis would give just consideration to every legitimate interest of the state. A farmer's son, he has been in touch with politics since he was a young man. In 1896 he stumped the state for McKinley. In 1899, he was chosen to the Ohio General Assembly from Hardin

FRANK B. WILLIS.

county, and was reelected two years later by a largely increased majority. He was the author of the Willis law, through whose enactment the state has been made far richer in revenues. In 1910, he was elected to Congress, and reelected in 1912, by a plurality of 1,414 although his district gave the Democratic candidate for governor at the same election a plurality of 4,697. In no contest before the people has he ever been defeated. As Congressman, he has been one of the "big men" on the Republican side.

One of the ablest political speakers in Ohio, trained, broad-minded, aggressive, frank and fearless, free of factional disputes, the son of a soldier with patriotism inherited as a virtue.

SENT UP A PLEA FOR HELP

Sailors, Imprisoned in Submarine, Telephoned Their Appeals to Rescuers at Surface.

The Mingoa is one of the submarine flotilla stationed at Libau. On a Saturday several weeks ago it was out for exercise in the neighborhood of the lightship off Libau, with its full crew of 19 men under the command of Lieutenant Garsoev, and as usual a tender was present during the maneuvers, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent of the Seattle Railway News. The Mingoa, which was apparently proceeding either well on to the surface, or just awash, was suddenly discovered by those on the tender to take a plunge in somewhat abnormal fashion, throwing its stern well into the air. For some time it was not supposed any accident had happened, and the return of the submarine to the surface was expected, but the appearance of the emergency buoy gave the alarm. These buoys not only serve precisely to locate the whereabouts of a sunken submarine, but are fitted with a telephonic apparatus, enabling the crew to communicate with the upper air. The moment the tender learned by these means what had happened, it steamed off to the lightship, which telegraphed the news of the disaster to the dockyard headquarters at Libau.

The accident happened at three o'clock in the afternoon, but owing, it would seem, to the disposal of the men on a Saturday, the message was not acted on for several hours, and it was not until nine o'clock at night that the salvage vessels reached the spot. The weather conditions remained happily favorable, and divers having fixed the lifting chains, the Mingoa was successfully brought to the surface by midnight, having been nine hours at the bottom of the sea. When the after hatch was opened three men staggered out, barely able to crawl. Fifteen of the crew and the captain were got out unconscious from the after part of the vessel. There remained only the coxswain, who was in the conning tower amidships. It was necessary to raise the submarine well out of the water to get at the conning tower, and this took another three hours' work, but the coxswain, when released after 12 hours' confinement was in the best condition of any of the crew.

SURELY CRUEL AND INHUMAN

Only the Opulent Joke Writers of the Present Could Have Received Caliph's Sentence Calmly.

All Bagdad was there to hear the Caliph pronounce sentence, not because the Caliph was a capital pronouncer, but because the prisoner's crime had been heinous. The convicted man was a poet who had written some verse to the Caliph's thirty-eighth daughter, thereby meriting a sentence equal to the offense.

Hushed was the court room as the poet-prisoner, shaking from fright, was led in. Stately was the Caliph as he passed this sentence upon the guilty one:

"Prisoner, under the Editoranean law, which says 'the Caliph regrets—great press of available matter—and so forth' I might sentence you to join your contributions in the wastebasket. Again, I could send you to the galleys, there to wear out your life awaiting release.

"But no!—such trifling punishments are too light for you—you are accustomed to them.

"Prisoner!"—here the Caliph's face grew graver, and his auditors leaned forward—"prisoner, I sentence you to live, clothe yourself, and be happy on the proceeds of jokes you must make and sell. Furthermore, you are not to accept any money other than that derived from the sale of your jokes."

At the close of this terrible pronouncement the prisoner staggered, raised his hands above his head, and fell at the Caliph's feet—dead.

WHY SALMON SEEK RIVERS

French Professor Strongly of Opinion It Is Because There Is More Oxygen There.

Louis Roule, a professor of the Paris Natural History museum, claims to have solved the important biological problem as to why several species of fish, such as salmon, migrate to rivers at certain seasons of the year.

It had been thought previously that salmon, instinctively driven near their breeding season, seek conditions most favorable for the survival of their young, but Professor Roule affirms after a study of the Brittany rivers that the amount of oxygen in the water is the determining factor in their migrations. In the rivers where the most oxygen is present in the water will be found the greatest number of fish.

Professor Roule explains the necessity of breathing a larger amount among migrating than in the cases of other fish, and this being interfered with greatly during the breeding season they therefore are impelled to seek waters with the greatest amount of oxygen. Thus, explains Professor Roule, all efforts to stock rivers with migrating fish will be useless if the water is not highly oxygenated.

Value of a Trained Voice.

Lawyers, clergymen and doctors all fail to secure influence with the people with whom they come in contact because of inability to express their thoughts in an impressive way. Had the voice been trained the same as the eye and the intellect, had the exterior qualities been trained to express like the voice the best and the clearest facts they would all have been successful. A noted revivalist who screamed and yelled his thoughts in the most vociferous way, disgusting some and frightening others, wondered why he did not make more profound impression. The real fault was his gormandizing habits and his discordant bronchial and nasal tones. The melodious voice of Henry Clay always charmed his audience everywhere. Wherever he went people flocked to hear him, while the heavy bass tone of Daniel Webster failed to attract, and actually drove people away. They preferred to read what he had to say, but wanted personally to hear Clay's pleasing voice.—Medical Record.

Anglo-Saxon, Celt and German.

The term "Anglo-Saxon" comes from the fact that England was largely settled, after the old Briton rule, by the "Angles" and "Saxons" from Germany. The Saxons were, of course, from Saxony, and the Angles took their name from a town near Sleswick, called Anglen. The Anglo-Saxons are, therefore, of Germanic breed. It may be said, in passing, that the Germans, English, Americans of English ancestry, Danes, Dutchmen, Swedes and Norwegians are all of the same stock. This Germanic stock (for it may very appropriately be called such) now numbers about 160,000,000 in Germany, Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, Canada, Australia, South Africa and the United States. There is no other human stock that is anywhere so strong numerically.

Humor Probably Lost.

"Haven't you any novelty in the line of luncheon dainties?" asked the young man at the delicatessen store.

"Yes," answered the proprietor promptly. "Here's something new."

"Gee whiz, I can't pronounce that jaw-breaking name!" exclaimed the youth, examining the package. "What is it?"

"'Russische sordellen.'"

"That's all right, but what does it mean?"

"Why, Russian sardines."

"Then why try to disguise 'em? Why not call 'em czar-dines?"

"Yes, sir," said the proprietor. But he said it soberly, so maybe he didn't see what a screaming joke it was.

ALL IN THE SPIRIT EVINCED

"Profession" or "Trade" Have Little Distinction Without Certain Important Differences.

It is contrary to human instinct to be idle. Some naturally prefer the good and live to be useful. Others evilly inclined, if useful at all, are so by compulsion—in order to live. Between these extremes are the careless or discouraged, who work only to get the means of a living.

We would not be misunderstood as meaning that, to be a professional man, one must work for nothing, declares a writer in Power. Nevertheless, the truly professional man who deserves the dignity of that classification makes his chief concern the good he can do. He is more anxious to be useful than rich.

Common acceptance of the term makes all clergymen, doctors and lawyers professional, but, more is the pity, some in their ranks forget that the mission of service is fundamental, the acquisition of wealth incidental. Just as there are these exceptions among those supposed to be of these professional classes, there are many in the humbler walks considered to belong to the trades, who care more to excel in their lines than for anything else. They have a pride in their work and will do as conscientiously whether their wages are high or low.

We submit that the real distinction between profession and a trade is the spirit in which it is usually followed. Viewed in this light, your vocation is the one or the other according to whether you engage in it for what you put in it, or what you get out of it. In other words, whether you work for the love of it, or for the money it brings.

PERHAPS THAT CARRIAGE WAS

Recruit May Not Have Been Altogether in the Wrong as to the Upper Furnishings.

The German recruit was being drilled in military manners—a most important branch of the art of war as practised in the Fatherland. For one thing he had to be taught how to behave on the street—whom to salute, and when, and all that sort of thing.

The method of instruction was to have the novice walk up and down the court yard of the barracks, while from this corner and that non-commissioned officers kept popping out suddenly and saying "I am a Royal Highness," or "I am the Military Governor," or "I am the Master of the Royal Dachshunds," or the like exalted titles. Thereupon the appropriate salute had to be given.

Everything had been going on very well until a mischievous corporal suddenly planted himself before the recruit and said, "I am a Royal Carriage." The recruit marched straight on without taking any notice.

"Why didn't you salute?" yelled the sergeant in charge.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the recruit, "but I was under the impression that the carriage was empty."

Sad Sights in Mexico.

I saw beggars everywhere in Mexico, many of them ranged alongside the church soliciting alms from worshipers or from passersby. I saw the signs of ignorance and general depravity. I saw wounded men and suffering women. But the worst thing that I saw in Mexico was a little six-year-old boy, badly crippled, who was compelled to walk on his hands as well as his feet, because his legs weren't strong enough to support even his frail little body. He looked like a toad, but his face was gentle and sad. He had big black eyes that seemed to search one's soul. Occasionally he would stop as he crawled along the street, and look at his torn fingers and hands—the streets were made of gritty little stones that cut his flesh. If only somebody had provided him with gloves! But this was Mexico. Nobody seemed concerned about this little fellow. He wasn't a beggar. He made no appeal for money. He was just a little boy who needed friendship. But "of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Christian Herald.

Touching Appeal.

A literary critic called one day to see a friend who was trying hard to establish a reputation as a novelist.

"Read that!" said the novelist, thrusting a manuscript into his guest's hand. "It's my latest short story, and I want you to tell me what you think of it."

A few minutes later he was surprised to see his visitor, wiping tears from his eyes. "My dear chap, this is really the most pathetic thing you've ever done!" said the critic.

"What!" gasped the author. "I wrote it as humorously as I could!" He looked at the manuscript. "Oh, I see; it's my mistake. I've given you the wrong thing. That is my letter to the income tax commissioners asking for a rebate."

Keeping Your Word.

The following quotation from De Morgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost" may help a few to see the moral issue more clearly. Mr. Jerry began, feebly: "You can't do more than keep your word, Mo. . . ." Mo, a fine old ex-prize-fighter, replies:

"Yes, you can, Jerry. You can keep your meanin'. And you can do more than that. You can keep to what the other party thought you meant, when you know. I know this time. I ain't in a court o' justice, Jerry, dodgin' about, and I know when I'm square, by the feel."

THAT VILLAGE BARBER SHOP

Dreamer of Whom the Years Have Taken Toll Holds It Vividly in His Remembrance.

To the barber's soothing snip, snip, snip, and the gentle tug of the comb, I dreamed of the barber shops of my boyhood and of Clarkie Parker's in particular. Clarkie's shop was in Lyceum Hall block, one flight up—a huge room, with a single green-upholstered barber's chair between the windows, where you would sit and watch the town go by below you. The room smelled pungently of bay rum. Barber shops don't smell of bay rum any more. Around two sides were ranged many chairs and an old leather couch. The chair arms were smooth and black with the rubbing of innumerable hands and elbows, and behind them, making a dark line along the wall, were the marks where the heads of the sitters rubbed as they tilted back. Nor can I forget the spittoons—large, shallow boxes, two feet square—four of them full of sand. On a third side of the room stood the basin and watertaps, and beside them a large black walnut cabinet, full of shelves. The shelves were full of mugs, and on every mug was a name, in gilt letters, generally Old English. Those mugs were a town directory of our leading citizens. My father's mug was on the next to the top shelf, third from the end on the right. The sight of it used to thrill me, and at twelve I began surreptitiously to feel my chin, to see if there were any hope of my achieving a mug in the not too distant future.—From The Atlantic.

MADE HIS ENEMIES FAMOUS

Scotch Reviewers Are Known Now Chiefly From Poet They Mercilessly Abused.

One vivid impression left on the mind by the revival of the savage attacks by which Keats was assailed in the Quarterly and Blackwood, is that criticism has at least become urbane. Apart from the rashly confident contempt for what the world now recognizes as great poetry, these early nineteenth century reviewers cannot be forgiven the brutality of their treatment of a young man whose only offense had been to publish a book of verse.

Fancy a critic nowadays taunting an author with the fact that he had been an apothecary, bidding him go "back to the shop," and at the same time protesting that personal feeling towards such a person would be as out of place as towards vermin. It is difficult to understand how men who wrote in this strain could be the accepted literary censors of any age. The fact is that behind this savage violence and insensibility lurked racial prejudice.

It was, as Byron recorded, a case of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The one thing that could not be forgiven to John Keats was his cockney birth. Yet time has brought in its revenges. A hundred years have gone; and the only claim to remembrance of these confident Scotch reviewers is the curious interest that is reflected on them by the immortal memory of the poet whom they used so despitefully.

Monstrosity Among Newspapers.

Those who object to the widespread newspaper may see the apotheosis of their bete noir in the museum at Aix-la-Chapelle—the only existing copy of the "Illuminated Quadruple Constellation," published in New York in 1859. Happily this monstrosity did not survive the first issue, for its pages measure eight and one half feet by six feet and each contains 13 columns, 48 inches long.

By way of comparison, it may be mentioned that the smallest newspaper in the world is the Mexican El Telegrama, with pages four inches square.

Lee's First Impressions of War.

Robert E. Lee, as captain of engineers, arranged the American batteries when the United States forces landed at Vera Cruz in 1847. Lee's brother, a naval lieutenant, served one of the guns, and here are Lee's first impressions of war: "Whenever I turned my eyes reverted to him, and I stood by his gun whenever I was not wanted elsewhere. Oh! I felt awfully, and am at a loss what I should have done had he been cut down before me. . . . He preserved his usual cheerfulness, and I could see his white teeth through all the smoke and din of the fire."

Her Alibi.

Much to the curious little girl's disgust, her elder sister and her girl friends had quickly closed the door of the back parlor before she could wedge her small self in among them.

She waited uneasily for a little while, then she knocked. No response. She knocked again. Still no attention. Her curiosity could be controlled no longer. "Dodo!" she called in staccato tones, as she knocked once again. "'Tain't me! It's mamma!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Not Likely.

A Muncie man, who had been sick, told a friend that he was being treated by a certain physician.

"Don't you know," said the friend, 'that that doctor allows all his patients to die on his hands?"

"Well, if he lets me die on his hands, I'll never patronize him again!" replied the other indignantly.—Indianapolis News.

What Else Could He Do?

"Henry," said Mrs. Jason to her husband the other evening, "did you get a letter for me today?" "No, mother," meekly replied Hank, "there was nothing for you." "Henry," said the old lady very sternly, "I want you to speak to the postmaster in the morning and ask him to look around carefully. There must be a letter there for me." Henry went home at noon and lied about asking the postmaster.

HORSES THAT "DRINK" GRASS

Product Peculiar to the Hawaiian Islands Furnishes Both a Food and a Liquor.

The proverbial horse which can be led to water, but which cannot be made to drink, exists in great numbers in the Hawaiian islands.

Among the cattle he has thousands of cousins of the same proclivities.

It is a surprising statement to make, and yet one that is literally true and so commonplace that no one there thinks anything about it, and there are hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle which never take a drink of water throughout the whole course of their lives.

On all the islands the upper altitudes of the mountains are given up to cattle ranges. The cattle run wild from the time they are born until they are rounded up to be sent to the slaughter house. Except during possibly two or three months of the rainy season, there are no streams or pools of water in any part where the cattle range.

But everywhere there grows a recumbent, jointed grass, known by the native name of maninia. This is both food and drink, says a recent traveler. Horses and cattle grazing on it neither require water nor will they drink it when offered.

Our first experience with this fact was on a trip to Haleakala. A party were mounted on horses which had just been brought in from the range. The journey they made was 14 miles, in which distance they ascended 9,000 feet.

The party started in the afternoon, and at sunset halted for supper. They thought it strange that the horses should leave a feed of grain to nibble the scanty grass which grew near-by, but were willing to trust their instinct in the matter.

However, before starting they insisted that they be given water. The native guide demurred to this, saying they didn't need it, but with the good-natured complaisance of his race, yielded to requests, and led a detour of about a mile, which brought the party to a ranch house, where there was a well. But to the utter amazement of the travelers the horses would not drink.

They took it as another case of instinct and assumed that the water, for some reason, was not good, and so refrained from drinking it themselves. It was not until the return, the second day, to Kawaapae, that the travelers learned the secret of the wonderful maninia grass.

Labeled the Children.

The crowded water front of the old Canton of a century ago, with its thronging sampans alive from stem to stern with swarming children, is vividly pictured in the "Memoirs of William Hickey." In his account of the innumerable boats that covered the river for mile after mile, Mr. Hickey describes a novel method of protecting the children of the floating city from the dangers of the water.

Each child wore a large vegetable something like a gourd or pumpkin fastened to its back. The vegetable was buoyant, of course, and, if the infant fell overboard, floated it until the child was picked up by its parents or the occupants of any other sampan that happened to be near. This vegetable life-preserver had the name and station of the sampan to which it belonged cut in Chinese characters upon it, and by that means the rescuers could at once identify the child; otherwise, in such a multitude of boats great confusion would have arisen. It scarcely ever happened that anyone was drowned.

The Troublesome Postscript.

Some years ago a well-known Indiana politician, who was a member of the national committee of his party, wrote to an active political worker in a distant part of the state, to give him timely directions concerning the campaign then in progress. The politician's secretary was absent, so he wrote the letter himself, although he knew his handwriting was as hard to decipher as that of Horace Greeley.

A week later his correspondent visited Indianapolis, and came to see the politician.

"Did you get my letter? Could you read it?" asked the politician.

"I didn't have any trouble with it, except the postscript," said the other man. "That stuck me. I showed it to everybody in town. They could all read the letter, but no one could make out the postscript."

The man drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to the politician, who gave it a quick glance.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "The postscript says, 'Don't let anyone see this letter.'"—Youth's Companion.

Rather Personal.

It was the season of Lent, and the vicar of a certain village church was solemnly and impressively exhorting his congregation to self-examination, abstinence, and repentance. The beadle, who is accustomed to sit below the pulpit, is locally renowned as the owner of the biggest mouth in the district. Unfortunately he felt sleepy, and yawned at a very critical and impressive part of the minister's sermon.

"Pause, my brethren, at this solemn season of Lent, before it is too late," exclaimed the preacher, "or you may be dragged into the abyss which is now yawning before you."

There was a suppressed titter in the congregation, the preacher looked surprised, and the beadle a little discomfited.—London Tit-Bits.